

THE BREEZE

VOLUME 3—NUMBER 13

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FIRST VARSITY GAME IS HARRISONBURG VICTORY

Game Played on Bridgewater Court
With Large Audience. Score
of 28-3

The H. T. C. quintet took the first step toward another record of last year's type when they won over Bridgewater College with a score of 28-3, Friday night, January 9. The game was played on the Bridgewater court, the home team making the trip there in cars.

The victory of the team was not won without the support of schoolmates for about fifty college girls went as spectators to root for the team.

The team showed to a slight degree the effects of a holiday spent apart from vigorous training, but nevertheless the ball moved at no slow speed over the floor and the neighboring college team failed to keep up with the upholders of the "Purple and Gold."

Bridgewater	Harrisonburg
Lohr	Rosen
Forward	
Heltzer	Doan
Forward	
Wampler	Clore
Center	
Cline	Nichell
Center	
May	Weems
Guard	
Hoover	Harrison
Guard	

Substitutes—Harrisonburg. Hagarty, Harvey, Kelly, Gentis; Bridgewater. Humbert, Ruebush, Stump.

New Students

The student body has been enlarged by the addition of twelve new girls who entered since Christmas, and by the return of three old girls. The college is glad to welcome all of them. The new girls are: Estelle Tyler, Aldie, Katherine Lapley, Middlebrook, Rebecca Deaver, Lexington, Imogen Adams, Phenix, La Rhew Murphy, Lime-ton, Pattie Holland, Portsmouth, Eunice Guill, Danville, Lillian Han-son, Acron, Mary Hunt, Portsmouth, Louise Gentry, Richmond, Katherine Sproul, Staunton, Nell Deaver, Lexing-ton.

The old girls are: Nancy Bracey, Edythe Styne, and Bessie Dillard.

Formal Dance

The first formal dance of the year is being given next Saturday evening in Harrison Hall under the auspices of the Cotillion Club. This dance is expected to be a big success and everyone is eagerly anticipating the event. Excitement is running high over the filling of the program cards. Each girl thinks that she has secured the best dancers in school to dance with her escort—hope the escorts agree. New dresses are arriving on each mail and each delivery from town brings all kinds of slippers and hair ornaments. Telephone calls and letters of acceptance of the bids are being received every day. If a girl is seen with an unusually broad grin on her face, one knows that her bids have been accepted. Better decide to go and join the "gripping gang."

New Tenants In Practice House

At the beginning of the New Year the Practice House welcomed an entirely new group of fourth year students. The Practice House, located this year at Elmwood Court on South Mason Street, was equipped to give members of the four year Home Economics Course an opportunity to do practical housekeeping—a requisite of their course. Mrs. Moody directs the work of the students and acts as house chaperon.

The girls who spent the past quarter at the Apartments were: Nancy Roane, Mary Warren, and Hester Van Meter—now rooming in Spottswood—Sue Kelley and Lelia Brock-Jones, in Ashby. Louise Keeling also did her practice house work the first quarter thus completing her college work. She is now teaching at Alexandria, Virginia.

Those now living at the Apartments are Esther Patton, Orra Smith, Euphenia Lawrence, Virginia Garden, Margaret Wiley, and Marian Smith.

The Ten Commandments

Tuesday, January 13, the great spectacular motion picture, "The Ten Commandments" was shown at the Virginia Theatre. This is one of the best pictures of its kind now on the screen. Many students from the College attended.

The first part of the picture is the story of the liberation of the Israelites, their flight from Egypt, and the giving of the Ten Commandments. Then the scenes change—an American home of the present day in San Francisco is shown. The remainder of the picture gives the lives of the four people in this home. One son and his sweetheart refuse to believe in God.

After the intermission, the lives of these people are taken up again. It is three years later. Many climaxes are reached and the Eternal Law is finally vindicated.

tell

Radio Lectures

The students of this college have the opportunity of listening in on a number of splendid radio lectures broadcasted from Boston. This series of lectures is given under the auspices of University Extension, State House. The lectures begin at seven-thirty and end at eight. On Tuesday the subject is "Famous Short Story Writers;" Wednesday, "Spoken French;" and on Thursday, "Music Appreciation". There are seven more lectures in each course.

Music lovers will be glad to learn of the Negro Spiritual and Folk Songs which are broadcast on Sunday night from ten to ten-thirty by the choir at Hampton Institute. These concerts will continue through January and the first Sunday of February.

Tom—She reminds me of a waltz.
Jake—Why—dreamy?
Tom—No, slow.

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ATTRACTIVE BRIDE TO-BE IS GIVEN SHOWER

Mrs. Y. W. C. A. Entertains Friday Night. Many Useful and Pretty Gifts Given the Young Couple

Mrs. Y. W. C. A. gave a shower in the Y. W. Social Rooms Friday evening, January 9, for Miss Social Room and Mr. Kitchen.

Because of the shower the Y. W. no longer lacks kitchen utensils and so will be able to serve breakfast to the many half-famished girls who congregate about the halls on Saturday morning and pitifully beg for something to eat.

The invitations were sent out by Mrs. Y. W. C. A., who cordially invited every one to attend a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Social Room who is to wed Mr. Kitchen in the near future.

The guests were received by Mrs. Y. W. C. A., Misses Social Room Dining Room, Morning Watch, and Mr. Kitchen. Dainty refreshments, consisting of delicious red apples and red striped stick candy, were served.

Many pretty and useful gifts were received. Among other things were a large shining frying pan, several stew pans, a pair of hand painted salt and pepper shakers, numerous mixing spoons, cake turners and other similar articles, as well as twelve dollars in cash.

Mrs. Y. W. C. A. says the shower was quite a success.

Twelve Students Listed On Honor Roll

The Merit Roll of H. T. C. is made up of those students whose grades average nearer A than B. The following is the Merit Roll for the quarter ending December 19, 1924.

Fourth Year Students

Clara Frances Lambert, McGaheysville.

Edith Rowland Ward, Norfolk.

Third Year Students

Emma Graham Dold, Buena Vista.

Louise Westerfelt Elliott, Norfolk.

Second Year Students

Mary Elizabeth Elmore, Herndon.

Helen B. Yates, Harrisonburg.

Ada Woore, Clearbrook.

First Year Students

Mary Travers Armentrout, McGaheysville.

Hilda Page Blue, Charlottesville.

Virginia Laidley Field, Charlestown, West Virginia.

Helen Myrtle Goodson, Norfolk.

Virginia Mae Turpin, Norfolk.

"Oh I adore art,"

Said the soulful maiden—

As she heaved a sigh.

"Art who?" said the flapper,

As she flipped her gum,

"I don't believe I've met the guy."

TRUE—TOO TRUE

Bleeker: "Some suit you're wearing, Ed. Did your wife help you pick it?"

Ed: "Nope! She only picks the pockets."

DUMB DAN SELLS 'EM

Producer: "Your comedy is rather funny—but I'm inclined to think the jokes are too coarse."

Scenario Writer: "Well, won't they be screened before the public sees them."

FIRST INFORMAL DANCE COTILLION CLUB GIVES

Dancing Contest Feature of Evening. Prize Won By Bernice Wilkins and Virginia Blankenship

The informal dance given by the Cotillion Club, Saturday night, January 10, fulfilled the expectations of all the participants. The dance took the form of a contest, and proved to be a sort of fore-runner to the formal dance to be given Saturday night, January 24.

The music, consisting of the most popular dance hits was furnished by Courtney Garland and Katherine Griffin. The girls exchanged dances for quite a while, but soon the expected announcement was heard and greeted with a ring of excitement. The floor was immediately changed into a rushing mass of girls searching for partners for the contest. Many fled to the side with the idea that they were not qualified while others stepped forth to the center of the gym floor almost confident of their victory. Those who watched soon found that their chances would have been as good as any since some of the seemingly best dancers were eliminated at the very first of the contest.

The judges, Miss Furlow, Miss Lovell, and Mrs. Varner, who is also the honorary member of the Cotillion Club, found the job of selecting the best dancers a hard one but they finally picked the winners from a group of about six couples for their superiority in grace, rhythm, and good position, as well as their even time and attractive steps. The winners were Bernice Wilkins and Virginia Blankenship. The prize, a box of candy, was awarded by Miss Lovell, who said that she was glad that the prize was somewhat hard to award because this fact would help to make the Formal dance on January 24 a bigger success.

Another very attractive feature of the dance was the first public appearance of the new Cotillion Club members. The girls were easily spotted by their glittering head bands, dancing pumps and blue badges. Another peculiarity of this group was their light hearted and airy appearance, making itself evident in their consistent desire to skip about the floor and courtesy to every old member.

After the contest, the girls continued dancing until 10:00 and when that time approached the crowd seemed very reluctant to leave the scene of such a happy evening, but the dance was over and there was nothing left to do but depart.

The proceeds of this dance were for the benefit of the Bluestone Cotillion Club.

"Les Miserables"

The Sophomore Class brings the Fox Film picture "Les Miserables" to Sheldon Hall to-night at 8:15. This movie is based upon the classic of the same name by Victor Hugo, one of the greatest of French novelists. The life story of Jean Val Jean is the most human and realistic piece of work this great author ever composed. The book abounds in swift action and much human nature; the movie promises to be splendid. Don't miss the chance to see this great screen production. Come to Sheldon after the basket ball game.

THE BREEZE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
TEN CENTS A COPY

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We Mean It

Here's to you, New Girls, a welcoming handshake, a cheering word, and gladsome smile, to show you that we are more than glad to have you come, and that we want you to stay and become our youngest sisters who mean so much to us, and upon whom we bestow our love and heartiest wishes.

Take off your hats and coats, and settle down for a delightful stay among girls who won't let you stay blue or homesick or depressed, for that indomitable H. T. C. spirit of love and friendship delves into the utmost ends of the earth—that is, our earth at H. T. C.

Again, Welcome!! And we mean it.

Master New Year's Orders

Master New Year has entered upon his duties. His coming was heralded by the first big snow of the season, and he was informally ushered in on a sled pulled by his aged father, Old Year.

With the beginning of a new year comes the beginning of a new quarter for us, bringing with it better and harder work. Surely among your New Year's resolutions was that one concerning study.

Master New Year says you should also resolve to
Be a student—a real one.
Be a good friend to everyone.
Pay your bills on time.
Be a rooter for your team.
Be a pleasure to your teachers.
Take a part in campus affairs.
Go to church.

BOOST

Boost and the world boosts with you,
Knock and you are on the shelf,
For the world gets sick of one who'll kick.

And wishes he'd kick himself.
Boost when it starts to rain—
If you happen to fall,
Don't lie there and bawl,
But get up and boost again.
Boost for your own advancement,
Boost for the things sublime,
For the chap that's found on the top-most round
Is the booster every time.

Sunday Y. W.

Sunday Y. W. featured a musical program. Service was opened with the hymn "Sweet Hour of Prayer", followed by Psalm 100 and a prayer. Margaret Kneisley gave a violin solo. Charlotte Lacy gave a piano solo. This was followed by a duet sung by Ruth Nickell and Nora Hossley. The meeting closed with a hymn followed by the benediction.

A Christmas Tragedy

A Christmas Tragedy.

Time—Christmas holidays.

Place—Home of every H. T. C. girl.

Characters—Every H. T. C. girl.

Act I

December 20—H. T. C. Girl arrives home; hunts madly through the mail. Comes up smiling—there was no mail for her from Harrisonburg.

December 21—Sunday. Perfect agony. Suppose that letter is in the post office and she'll get it tomorrow!

December 22 and December 23—Girl haunted by thoughts of same letter, which has not yet arrived.

December 24—Christmas Eve—Still no letter. Every envelope is opened with increased suspicion; suppose he mailed it in Staunton or Elkton?

December 25—Christmas Day—At 10:30 a.m. the special delivery boy brings a package for her from Harrisonburg! At last the calamity has befallen her—the villain has deceived her by sending it in a box! Alas—it turns out to be a box of candy from the town sheik!

December 26 through December 30—She is having such a good time that she forgets all about the dreaded letter.

December 31—At 10:30 a.m. that hated man, the mail-carrier, brings the vile thing! She stares at it for half an hour, dazed, before she realizes it is addressed to her father and she cannot open it! She seizes her hat and coat and rushes to her father's office frantically waving the letter above her head. Father opens it and breaks the news gently that she made all A's on her report this quarter. She very fittingly faints.

Act II

January 1—Through January 5—Perfect bliss!

I Want to Know

Wha' is yo' home, oh wil' Norf Win'?
Please tell me wha' you stay
When you ain't out ragin' at the half
froze earth

On a blusterin' winter's day?

Wha' does you go when the sun shines
bright

En' the birds in the warm air fly?

Wha' does you keep yo' self then, Norf
Win'?

Say! Wha' wuz you las' July?

Frances Grove.

Cotillion Club Goats

Who can be quite so foolish as to try to skip on ice? And would you believe that the same girls who tried to do that actually wore evening slippers and hair ornaments at the same time?

My, my, but these college girls do silly things sometimes! Maybe these girls had a reason for acting as they did. We wonder! Do you think that the fact that this was their public initiation into the Cotillion Club was excuse enough?

The new members made their debut as such last Saturday evening at the informal dance given by the Cotillion Club in the gym. They participated in the dancing contest and two of them won the prize for the best dancers.

Those who were lucky enough to receive bids to join the club this year were: Alethea Adkins, Virginia Blankenship, Helen Bradley, Fannie Green Allen, Virginia Sutherland, Frances Rosser, Rosa C. Smith, Julia Foster, Helen Bargamin, Mary Philips, Virginia Ransome, Virginia Taylor, Margaret Knott, Phyllis Jones, Fanny Moncure, Peggy Richardson, Mary Diana Hill, Bernice Wilkins, Virginia Milford, Inez Tyler.

CAMPUS CAT

Back Again! Or Holiday Germs

I tell you I had the best time a week or so ago.

Jack—no, Billy, I believe.

Took me to the show.

He is the sweetest ole boy—

Treats me as good as a queen.

But Jack—oh! boy! Jack

Is the best that I've ever seen!

Jimmy isn't such a bore—

And he has plenty of dough.

In fact his uncle has millions—

My daddy told me so.

"Peps" is so dog-gone good looking—

And dance?—he's a regular shiek.

He gave me the grandest ole rush

At the V. P. I. Germans last week.

Whew! I could rave on forever.

For whom, did you say, did I fall?

Well, the truth in a few words—

Is—I'm in love with them all.

Katie—The Sunday dinners up here surely did get me into a lot of trouble.

Ida—What do you mean?

Katie—I mean that Billy and I are on the outs.

Ida—What has that to do with Sunday dinners.

Katie—I told him I had been necking the chicken!

Practice Teacher—Why didn't Edison invent brain for the child?

Ruth—Did Edison invent brain?

One—Have a good time during the holidays?

Another—Nope.

One—Didn't—why?

Another—Had to come back too soon.

"Isn't the snow beautiful. Have you ever seen anything like it?"

"Yes, I do."

"No what?"

"No like it."

"I thought that skipping wasn't allowed in this college."

"It isn't."

"Then why doesn't Mr. Duke speak to these new Cotillion Club members?"

"She" was strolling around in the music room, apparently interested in music. An upper classman entered and asked in an interested tone, "Are you taking music?"

"She" wheeled around from the music rack and angrily exclaimed, "I never in all my life stole a single thing."

They call him "Beef" because he slings the bull.

ment on page 247.

Call the roll the day you eat.

Exponent.

It seems the mice are eager for an education. One of the dear little things being unable to lift the cover to a dictionary proceeded to chew it off—and is now on the second page.



TOM SAYS—

This time of the year surely calls for goloshes—but to purchase them would give a flat appearance to the pocket book of one with four feet.

Chapel

Wednesday, January 7: President Duke conducted the devotional exercise and then spoke to the student body.

Friday, January 9: The Convocation Exercises were held. Dr. Paul Bowman, President of Bridgewater College, spoke on "Scholarship and Democracy". In his forcible manner he pointed out that the majority of this nation's leaders come from the very few who seek higher education. He added that the scholar of today should be the greatest moral force in the community.

Monday, January 12: The opening exercises were conducted by Dr. Gifford. Mr. Duke presented the class championship banners in basketball and hockey to the Sophomore Class. Dr. Gifford explained several parts of the college catalogue.

What Does It Mean To Be a Member of the Aeolian Music Club?

It means that one is a lover of music, that one possesses a depth of feeling for a fine art which may well be compared to a golden harp that is responsive to the call of melodies and harmonies—these telling of past, present, and future history.

Joy and sorrow have been labored with; the barriers of exact and feeling expression have been broken down. The principle which brought the members into this club speaks for itself. It may tell that the Aeolian Club is a medium through which one may train herself and others to gain an insight into a great art.

To be a member of this Club means that one is a participator in a group where congenial workmanship and fellowship are exchanged, that one has part in a plan whose very foundation engrains honor, service, and endurance. It means that the member has the rare privilege of making music within her school a true living and an inexhaustible flame. It means training which will enable a person to help all people with whom she may come in contact to love and appreciate this finest of arts. In doing this, invaluable service is rendered to all mankind.

Snowbound Sunday School

Sunday morning found Bluestone Hill heavily covered with snow. As the students went to breakfast the flakes were still falling and they continued to fall through the greater part of the day. Announcement was made that no girl should venture forth to Sunday School or church. However, the Baptist girls had the privilege of attending their regular class. When Dr. Miller, the teacher, heard that the girls could not go out he sent word that he would come to the college. At ten-thirty he met his class in the music room. Many girls were present; the interesting lesson was conducted in very much the usual manner. The Baptist girls would not mind being snowed in every Sunday if they could again enjoy such a service.

IS THERE?

I never saw a flunkless teacher.
I never hope to see one;
And judging by the marks we get,
There certainly can not be one.

Jack—You seem to like the new maid.

Billy—Couldn't be better satisfied. You see she used to work in Catherine's home.

Subscribe to the BREEZE!

PERSONALS

Miss Anthony had the misfortune to break her arm just before school opened. However, her jaunty smile remains the same.

Miss Seegar, Miss Elliott and Miss Schaeffer have been victims of "flu". The student body is glad to see them out again.

Jim Moody is recovering from a very serious operation that he underwent at the close of the holiday.

Friday evening, January 9, Dr. and Mrs. Gifford entertained Mr. and Mrs. McIlwraith at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. McIlwraith have just returned from their honeymoon tour.

Visitors on Campus

Kenneth Goode of W. & L. was the guest of Stella Pitts.

Hamilton McCue of Afton visited Anne Cloud.

Anne Hughes had Bill Rodes of Greenwood as her guest.

Week-end Visits

Nancy Dyche was the guest of Teddie Whitmore at S. C. I.

Elva Miller spent the week-end at her home in Bridgewater.

Ethel Hoeber went to her home in Broadway.

Charlotte Manzy and Edwina Lambert spent the week-end at their homes in McGaheysville.

Evelyn Snapp and Lena Gochenour were at their homes in Elkton.

Lillian Baldock visited Mr. F. W. Baldock in Staunton.

Coming Back

Two words titled the thoughts of every H. T. C. girl on and about January 5, and they composed the simple phrase "Coming back". There were centered around this phrase a conglomeration of ideas which ran something like this — "That horrid packing must be done! I wish I had gotten a good report but I'm going to work harder for the New Year. Just think I'll see Gertrude and Mary. Oh boy! I wonder what they got for Christmas. They'll be on the train when I get there."

The never ending chain of thoughts was finally broken and changed by a "toot-toot" of the train. Amid the last hurried farewells the train was off, carrying for its passengers the many sad hearts of the Harrisonburg girls, sad at the parting with home folks and friends. All was not gloom and remorse however, as the girls showed very plainly by their greetings, and there were many who were truthfully glad to go back to their Alma Mater.

The train sped on bringing the girls closer and closer to Harrisonburg, stopping only to pick up a new passenger who was greeted with shouts from the others and immediately made target for innumerable questions — "Where did you get that adorable hat?" "Did you have a good time?" "Are you really glad to be going back?", and others.

When finally the train rolled into Staunton and stopped, the girls found a real treat in store for them. On stepping from the train they saw the ground covered with snow. It was at that moment that every one gave a "whoop" of joy for the idea of coasting on the hills at school.

The hour's ride between Staunton and Harrisonburg flew and soon the H. T. C. campus was invaded by a stream of girls carrying bags and suitcases.

The next morning after the students had registered, met first classes, and

greeted the faculty they seemed to have forgotten vacation just as if there never had been any. It's funny how work will make one forget things — and one good thing to forget is homesickness; as soon as real work begins every one finds that they are glad to be back again at old H. T. C.

Dr. Wayland Returns

Everyone is delighted to welcome Dr. John Walter Wayland back as an active member of our faculty. His leave of absence for the fall quarter of this year was spent in writing and it is the wish of everyone in the school family that his books are all a big success. H. T. C. has always been very proud of his history books and will be just as proud of his new ones.

A Sensible Fad

It is with great pleasure that the educators of America are viewing the latest fad of the great mass of American people — that of the cross-word puzzle. By the use of these cross-word puzzles the vocabulary is enlarged, and in enlarging the vocabulary, the correct spelling, definition and usage of words are learned. A good knowledge of English grammar is necessary and synonyms are indispensable.

In the making of cross-word puzzles it takes clever thinking to keep from telling the words in the definitions. There are cross-word puzzles for every person and occasion, for the housewife, the working man, the professional man and woman, the student, the child, for Christmas, school, and for all kinds of classes, mathematics, history, Latin, French, English, and so on, indefinitely.

The cross-word puzzle first made its appearance about thirty years ago, but did not meet with much popularity. Upon its return today it is sweeping the country as no other fad has ever done before and its chief good point is that it is really educational.

Lights Out!

"What Lights out at 6:30 p.m.? Or has the clock stopped? Have I been asleep? No, because I just returned from dinner. But why all this darkness? Has someone been murdered or kidnapped? No, if they had they would not be yelling as they are now. It must be something really awful that has happened. Maybe the school is going to be blown up by some enemy and he has cut the wires, so that his crime will not be discovered! Oh! How horrible! Yes, the lights are out all over the campus. That is exactly what the matter is. We are going to all be murdered in cold blood! How can those heartless girls keep on dancing in the gym when they know they are going to be murdered the next minute? That music is driving me crazy! I wonder if I have time enough to pack my clothes and leave before the explosion. I had better leave mother a farewell note before I pack. How can I write with no light? An inspiration—I have a flashlight! There now, I'll begin. I do wish they would stop that music. I can't think of anything to write. Isn't that queer? I believe I'll go down to the gym and ask them to stop that music. Better take my flashlight so I can find the way. Why, everyone is laughing and joking! Believe I'll dance just one more dance before the end."

—And so, she merrily danced on until light was restored.

"I tell you I shall shoot myself if you will not marry me."

"Jack, don't be silly. You'll be wasting gun powder."

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in the

Shenandoah Valley
Nature's Picture Land
We Feed It

Which Are You?

"Tiny! sleepyhead, come and look out of this window," exclaimed Nellie. Tiny lazily turned over, rubbed her eyes and leisurely got out of bed. She stretched, yawned brazenly and sauntered over to the window where Nellie stood.

"Oh! horrors," she said when she glimpsed what had made Nellie so insist that she get up. "I'll have to wrap up in that heavy old coat and wear heavy stockings and oxfords now and I did so want to wear my new silk dress."

Nellie laughed merrily.

"Old grumbler!" she teased as she grabbed Tiny and with a loving hand mussed her shining curls. "Come on, let's go out and have some fun and forget clothes. Just look out there, Tiny. How can you be sorry for anything as glorious as that?"

And Nellie stretched round, white arms to the scene outside the window. The whole world seemed covered under a white blanket, soft and fluffy and warm. The limbs of the trees were bending beneath their burden of the white magic. Plain ordinary posts had become fairy posts, white and shining. Doorsteps had become mysterious soft piles of beauty. Walks and roadways had vanished. Everything distant seemed to melt gradually into the grey background of the sky, leaving only those objects directly at hand any definite shape. Winter had come at last in all his glory and lovingly sifted over Mother Nature this white wonder-dust of his love and protection.

Tiny and Nellie represent two types of girls one meets everywhere. Nellie, the nature lover, happy and lovable; seeking to make others happy, to show them the beauties and wonders of this great out-of-doors she so loves. She makes the best of a bad thing and laughs at her troubles, thus conquering them easily.

Tiny is the perpetual grumbler. She thinks only of dress and making a show. Whatever mood the weather may be in she wants another. Tiny is lovable too in her way because she appeals to our pity. How miserable one must be who is forever dissatisfied with things beyond her power to control!

Are you a Tiny or a Nellie? Why not try being like Nellie, and see how easy it is to find the silver lining in every dark cloud that appears. Try it first with the weather and later with other things that vex you. You'll find things untwist themselves much more easily if you smile instead of frown.

Virginia Harvey.

Profs

Profs is those which:

Spend three-quarters of an hour and one box of chalk explaining, and then after you've copied four pages of notes, tell you that the stuff is not important.

Wait until you're jammed with work and then throw a quiz.

Think that their course is the only important one that you are taking, and hand out problems as if they were giving away German marks.

Tell you not to cram for an exam because it will be general and then ask you if you agree with the state-

POOR OLD J. J.

Now over here

Lies J. J. rDakes;

He had four wheels

But a useless brake.

CAN YOU GUESS?

"Hey, Duke, what make of car is that you're driving?"
"It's a Cross-Roads Puzzle."

The Wail of the Jilted

'Tis a sad, sad story that I'm going to tell

Not only I, but others as well

Have been given the rush and then dropped as flat.

As the toppermost crown on last winter's hat.

The telephone rang—oh ten times a day.

"Hello, sweet mama", he would first say.

Then on with the same old tiresome line

'Till I suspected that something was wrong with his mind.

But pshaw! I forgive him—all boys are like that;

There's something to love in each one—thin or fat,

And Jack was my man—my dream knight ideal,

Little I thought another would his affections steal.

Alas! 'tis true, though I can't possibly see

How he chose that old frump in the place of me;

She has yellow hair and the eyes of a

cat,
At least "6 ft. 2" and a "40" at that!

But that is a man—all through and through,

He'll choose the alloy instead of the true;

So here I will sit 'till another comes around

And here's hoping I'll be able to hold that one down!

"Red and White".

YOU SMILE, BUT—

Sign in front of Employment Bureau:

Why Go To Hollywood?

—If it's work you want—we can place you. Cooks, Maids, Seamstress, Nurse, etc., etc., etc.

LOGIC

Visitor: "I understand bootlegging is rampant here. Don't you ever try to stop it?"

Sheriff: "No, brother, I don't. You see I'm only a sheriff as a side line. My regular business is that undertaker establishment you see down the street there—and I can't interfere with big business."

ANNUAL POEM

Departed—but, ah, not forgotten
Is genial, happy J. Plunk Dawes:
He wore a long, long beard of cotton
In that great role as Santa Claus.

J.C. Penney Co.
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